



BLOCKPRINT



LETTERS



BLOCKPRINT

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Blockprint Butcher

R. Leslie Furman

Music Provided by

Bud Williams

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Ronn

"Love is the only hope for the world in an age of enormous technological power. But love is no omnipotent. It will prevail only if we resolve to let it prevail."

Arnold Toynbee

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Dear Mr. Lehrmitt,

I'd like to reply to your editorial comment on Maryjo Spitzer's letter as printed in the April 24th BLOCKPRINT. If I've perhaps misunderstood what you said or put words into your mouth, I apologize. Your wording was in places unclear and it was difficult at times to make out your meaning.

By "peace word," I understand to be meant an idea or message central to the peace movement, or the movement itself. I do not think that it is "fraught with futility." True enough, although we demonstrated on the 15th, as we have done in the past, no fewer planes went out to bomb the Haiphong steel works the next day. There was no noticeable pause in the war. However, we did not go down to New York expecting that we would bring the war crunching to a halt. Please spare us that conceit: it is already too easy to be seduced by such hopes.

But physically demonstrating — by show of bodies — to the government the extent of public discontent was not the only purpose of the march. For a short time we had the illusion that we could do something. For a moment we were not alone in the agony of seeing the war go on, seemingly out of control.

Moreover, considering the situation, we did not have any choice but to go. I felt that no matter how futile our participation may seem, we must act as if it had effect. In a world that seems to be objectively meaningless, we must create our own meaning. The age has no moral neutral ground. Miguel de Unamuno, a Spanish philosopher, has plainly said: "There are times when to be silent is to lie." Inaction is becoming tacit approval of things-as-they-are-going; President Johnson is all too eager to interpret silence as "consensus." If anything, we must ask ourselves, in the face of overwhelming evil — have we done enough to realize that in which we believe?

You maintain that we have a "blank lack of awareness" and "understanding of the world." On the contrary, I fear that this barbarous war is opening the eyes of many of us to the essential horror that truly is our world.

One of our helicopter pilots described a recent day in the field: "I shot up Charlie in the paddies today. I ran the little mother all over the place hosing him with guns but somehow or other we just didn't hit him. Finally he turned on us and stood there facing us with his rifle. We really busted his ass

then. Blew him up like a toy balloon." Novelist Mary McCarthy talked with a correspondent who "described flying with the pilot of a little FAC plane that directs a big bombing mission; below a lone Vietnamese on a bicycle stopped, looked up, dismounted, took up a rifle, and fired; the pilot let him have it with the whole bomb-load of napalm." When an Algerian sergeant surrendered with his men at Dien Bien Phu, a Viet-Minh officer told him to move to the rear of the Communist position. "How do you want us to get across the barbed wire and the minefields?" he asked. "Just walk across the bodies of our men," the officer replied. The French party stopped before a dying Viet-Minh soldier. "Get moving," said the officer, "You can step on him. He has done his duty for the Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam." So much for the place of the individual in war.

We find that it is no longer unthinkable that men throw prisoners out of helicopters. It isn't impossible that men can drag other men behind vehicles until they talk — or die. This all becomes "interrogation," as does wrapping electrically chargeable wires from field telephones to the thumbs or testicles of taciturn Cong — wiring for sound, so to speak. Now that "liquidation" is passe, thanks to overuse by the Russians, we have campaigns of "pacification." "Rooting out the Viet-Cong infrastructure" of "secured" villages means finding finding its NLF agents and shooting same. Captured "VC suspects" in our "sweep and clear" operations are handed over to South Vietnamese "interrogation centers." Eighty per cent die there.

Welcome to the "swinging sixties." We know now that human life is a thing of no consequence. Should we have the leisure to undertake more than simple torture, we now know that sufficient psychological pressure can break any man and cause him to betray those things he values most dearly. We know that we can destroy a country and call it peace.

However, all of this still does not get very close to home.

Two hundred thousand people are dead because we dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. I have a neighbor, a fine person and a sane man, who is bombardier of a Navy attack bomber that hauls a hydrogen bomb. If someone so orders him, he'll kill a quarter of a million people. It's as simple as that. He's not bluffing; neither is his boss the President of the United States; and neither are those RAND architects, American, Soviet,

and Chinese, who are now working to make this planet an automated, self-destructive piece of war machinery. Nobody's kidding around any longer.

Take a look downtown at the black and yellow fallout signs that have sprouted lately. A "public service" commercial on the radio the other night soothed, "Your school, . . . in times of need, a fallout shelter." You know like, "Nervous tension? . . . take Compoz, C-O-M- . . ." Drop out with LBJ. The most monstrous madness in history is becoming a part of our way of life. The man who tacked up those C. D. signs on the "What Cheer" garage has accepted the possibility of nuclear war and thus we are all half a step in hell already.

If we've learned anything in the past twenty years, it is that men of good will — "nice guys" — will act to cause the cruelest and most systematic suffering. Call this "a fantasy world" where "people are nice" or not.

I distort your question here, but you ask why we profess "the intelligence to evaluate the policy handed down by knowledgeable officials." I first question your implication of the rightness that citizens of this country have policy "handed down" to them by elected officials. Despite the CIA and "executive orders," we still adhere to the formality of democracy. It wasn't so very long ago that the voters overwhelmingly rejected Barry Goldwater in favor of the "Peace and Prosperity" promised by Lyndon Johnson and the Democratic party.

Don't be so certain, either, of the knowledgeability of these officials. In 1954 Secretary of State John Foster Dulles informed the Senate — thirty days into the disastrous battle of Dien Bien Phu — that the French expected to "break the back" of the Viet-Minh ("—Cong" today) by 1955. I don't mean to imply here that we'll "lose" in Vietnam, but Secretary McNamara in October, 1963 reported that "The major part of the United States' military task can be completed by the end of 1965." In March of 1965, 45 Viet-Cong battalions were romping over the disintegrating Saigon government forces. However, Secretary Rusk said on April 23, 1965: "There is little evidence that the Vietcong has any significant popular following in South Vietnam." The State Department has been similarly caught with its pants down in regards to the revolutions in Cuba and China.

John Mecklin, Public Affairs Officer of the U. S. Embassy in Saigon from 1962 to 1964,

notes: "The root of the problem was that in fact much of what the newsmen took to be lies was exactly what the Mission genuinely believed, and was reported to Washington."

We'd best be skeptical when any official, ex-official or hopeful-official claims that we can have the problem knocked with 100,000 more troops.

Turning to the other part of your question, I don't believe that anyone in the peace movement or elsewhere has assumed or suggested that "if we laid down our arms they will do likewise." However, the realities of the present situation are pretty grim. All moral and humane considerations aside, nothing has been settled by this war. Several hundred thousand people have been killed; a million — one out of every sixteen persons — have had their homes destroyed. So far 375,000 Vietnamese nationalist leftists have stalemated 1,250,000 Americans, Vietnamese rightists, Koreans, Philipinos, and Chinese mercenaries. The enemy can match any additional forces we introduce.

We can negotiate a peace, although this possibility has been so far handicapped by the unreasonableness of our demands.

The military "alternative" is to raze every village, kill or intern their inhabitants in concentration camps, and attempt to garrison the entire country. Again putting aside all questions of humanity or justice, the war is crippling programs needed for social reform in this country, slowly destroying all Vietnam, and drawing us into a third world war. Everyone involved has a practical interest in stopping the war.

Lastly, I am deeply disturbed that you refer to the "masses" at home. Perhaps this was not meant in a spirit of arrogance or condescension, but there is a tendency for RISD students to be snotty about "the townies." Some of it has been printed before in BLOCK-PRINT. In traveling, working, and living I've met and known people of all sorts of jobs and backgrounds. I've yet to see anything vaguely resembling the "masses."

Such conceptual isolation from the "ordinariness," variety and inconclusiveness of life will, if you are not careful, destroy any chances you have of becoming an artist. I don't mean here to single you out individually, for we are all guilty of this in varying degrees. Perhaps I exaggerate, but I think that there is a great deal of this attitude at the school. You have articulated it.

This possibility is isolating ourselves within self-created "systems" of understanding is one

of the greatest dangers that we now face, personally and collectively. It can be deadly for artists: it can be deadly for the human race. My bombardier friend has isolated himself from the reality of what he has been trained to do. That helicopter pilot cannot really comprehend steel machine gun bullets tearing through his chest. Our very language, the medium by which we think, is being muddled by euphemisms — "nuclear device" for "atomic bomb," "pacification" and "counter-insurgency" for the violent repression of revolt. Our "War Department" was renamed the "Department of Defense" a long time ago. All of this is being done at a time when we need to think more clearly than ever before.

Choose your realities then. If we are to survive, a great many evils must be righted. Much of it looks impossible and there are no guarantees or available predictions of success. The despair of your reply to Maryjo Spitzer, however, will have us all licked before we have tried.

Sincerely,

Dan Gridley

Dear Mr. Gridley,

I thank you for your letter. You have taken the time to answer a statement, rash as it may be, with your most valuable weapon, cold logical thought. My article was nebulous and unclear, but I felt that inconclusive and incohesive as it may have been, Miss Spitzer's letter had to be opposed by some argument as it posed only one side of the question. My letter served its purpose if only to invite your criticism. Again you have caught me unprepared as to facts and statistics. I must again answer in terms of feeling and unsupported logic. I realize that your letter is the result of much research and industry, but time is on your side. A more concrete, if you prefer, argument will follow next week or at least an answer to newer criticism — SUBMITTED EARLIER!

You must realize that you, speaking for a movement, offer only a moral argument. You offer only criticism and no solution. Wait until you are able to organize to the point of solution.

You have objected to the bombing of Hiroshima as a needless slaughter. I can only ask by what do you judge the value of the individual? Have you no loyalty? Would the loss of an equal or greater number of American lives have weighed more lightly on your conscience? If this be true then I must consider you a traitor.

War by no standard is moral, it is not pretty. It is not an object under glass, it is a fact, a reality. It will never be solved or dismissed through any amount of religious condemnation.

When and if you can take us over, right the moral wrong, separate us from our arms and make us safe in this attempted democracy, then you can base policy on morality, good and evil, black and white, rather than events that have no other end than the destruction of a society, immoral and inhuman, but tolerant enough to listen to you and I.

I apologize, reiterating that I must have a reply earlier, if a factual rebuttal is to be made. Thank you.

Respectfully,

Robt. Lehrmitt -Ed. Staff

To Tobias Mostel:

Farnum Hall isn't as crappy as you think it is — wait till you start looking for an apartment for next year.

Editor — please forward the enclosed two-
ply, extra soft, absorbent, facial quality square
of toilet tissue to T.M.

A Former Resident of Farnum Hall 20
A Present Resident of Benefit Street

Thank-you, streetwalker. I lavished your enclosed paper on myself. It wasn't enough. Could you send more? Benefit Street sounds like a good apartment complete with ventilation, but no privacy. So that's why you are giving away toilet paper?

T. Mostel

Editor, BLOCKPRINT:

I would like to express my thanks to the simple***** who mangled up the sculptures in the upper refectory court. You have reaffirmed my belief in academic freedom, personal integrity, and compulsory birth-control.

R. Kolton

Dear Mr. Kolton:

In answer to your letter to BLOCKPRINT, on my way to dinner, I happened to notice that two little boys were calmly tossing rocks at the sculptures — the boys were the Bosworth children.

Roy Furman

Mr. Furman,

Thank you, I guess that makes it all right.
R. Kolton

Editor, BLOCKPRINT:

SPATIAL POEM NO. 4: When you hear some sentences which include the names of colors

uttered by anyone, please write them down and send it to me, together with a brief description of the circumstances in which those words were spoken . . . when, where, how, by whom, etc. Spatial Poem No. 4 will be a panorama of colors mentioned in daily affairs.

*To non-English-speaking people!

Please write the spoken words in your native language, i.e., just as they were pronounced, adding an English translation of them. Description of circumstances should be preferably in English.

Reports will be accepted until June 15.

Chicke Shiomi

7-1 Mizuho-juza

Kitanagase, Okayama-shi
Japan

I think Toby Mostel is the most refined articulate, thought provoking, writer on the BLOCKPRINT staff.

Steve Lindblom

I think Steve Lindblom is the most refined, articulate, thought provoking writer on the BLOCKPRINT staff.

Tobias Mostel

Editor, BLOCKPRINT:

To Toby Mostel—

Obviously BLOCKPRINT does **not** refuse to print slang (c.f. BLOCKPRINT, April 24, p. 18, "OH, SUGAR") and now released from its prudish attitude can achieve new heights of literary greatness. I wish to express my gratitude to you for giving me the opportunity to see such beautiful and expressive word usage in print. I'm titillated.

F. Chase

My dear Sir,

The slang I wanted was not even for that article ("c.f. BLOCKPRINT, April 24, p. 18, "Oh Sugar"). It was for another. Perhaps you didn't read it? Can you? I might smile at you if you can find where in BLOCKPRINT I wanted another slang word. I had a talk with the editor Ronn Spencer and he said it was his new policy not to print slang.

T. Mostel

To Tobias Mostel:

Pratt Institute is in N.Y.C. — why aren't **YOU** there?

When I was a freshman, I shared ONE room in a dormitory with another person and I had to walk all the way down the hall to the nearest bathroom. So what.

Web-like glows can be very interesting and seductive. You could always buy a little lamp and a 100-watt blub if you don't like it.

If you'd wear slippers, I think that would solve your floor problem.

I don't even have a radiator in my apartment!

Two faucets are better than one. Make up a batch of ice cubes in the refrigerator provided.

Sorry, I don't know any parakeets.

Try using the "bookshelves" for storage space.

Life is what you make it, Toby, old boy, yours must be TERRIBLE.

N. Ingerman

I am aware that Pratt Institute is in New York, I'm not there because RISD is a better school.

I am also aware that one sometimes must walk for several miles to reach a urine receptacle. This is bad planning.

I have never been so horny as to be seduced by a web-like glow from a light. Perhaps you have. I don't know. If I wear slippers, it wouldn't matter.

Your apartment, my dear, stinks. If you are dissatisfied with it, BLOCKPRINT will gladly help you find another for you are obviously unable to make value judgments yourself. If you look yourself over one day, you might find an interesting devil, a dodo.

Life certainly is what I make it and I'm not going to let you or Farnum Hall stand in my way. Your "So what," apathetic, typically American, uninformed, stupid attitude must reflect on your personality.

It was not people like you who won freedom for America or the slaves.

T. Mostel

NOTICE

All obscenity in BLOCKPRINT was printed in lemon juice. All those easily offended please keep this issue away from heat.

Thank you,

The Staff

EDITORIAL

BLOCKPRINT, the Art Show, the Poll

There is an interesting phenomenon of human behavior that has made itself more than apparent here since last week's BLOCKPRINT. It seems that worthwhile endeavors that demand thought, planning, self-sacrifice, and work are being largely ignored while RISDites tend to be overly anxious to vent their pent-up hostilities at things of less significance. I would like to know why BLOCKPRINT's proposed art show and last week's studio hour ballot were nearly 100% unsupported while many letters were received concerning Tobias Mostel. Mr. Mostel's articles may understandably irk many of us, but can they equal the aggravation of Benson Hall's closing time of 11:00 P.M.?

As for those who criticize and find Mr. Mostel's pieces offensive, I feel that Toby would have a hell of a lot less space to "fill" if his "critics" would submit other material they deemed "worthwhile." When BLOCKPRINT comes out Monday I know there'll be complaints and criticisms for its deficiencies and sparseness. "Why not more photos?" "Why didn't you run an article on this?" The answer to such questions is simply this — your article or photo wasn't submitted. The BLOCKPRINT staff knows of myriad events that could be covered and topics for possible articles and we do our best in that endeavor. We work hard, we enjoy ourselves too, sometimes neglecting the schoolwork we're here for, because we firmly believe we can put out a competent newspaper and better this much-complained-about institution called RISD. BLOCKPRINT is not a clique and I urge anyone who wants to attempt a worthwhile article or pictorial essay to do so.

I would like BLOCKPRINT to eventually become departmentalized, for each department to work almost entirely independently and to submit work for Thursday night layout. It would be more efficient, BLOCKPRINT's scope could be vastly widened, it's graphics improved, it's content made more mature, and perhaps it could someday look like a paper that is published by students of an art school. In order for us to become more diversified we need your availability. If you would like to offer your services in any capacity drop

down to the BLOCKPRINT room any Thursday night — we're always there.

If it's absolutely impossible for you to submit **one** piece during the course of the year at least drop in on Roy Furman and his Chopping Block on Fridays — and have the courage not to withhold your name.

As for the Spring Art Show, if there's not a sudden surge of interest it is doomed before its birth. I would like to thank C. C. Wolf for all her work in representing BLOCKPRINT on behalf of the show and urge anyone still interested to contact her.

Money seems to be an obstacle in the show's path and BLOCKPRINT has offered to throw a dance to help cover expenses. We've been stymied on this attempt because RISD seems to feel that BLOCKPRINT should remain "business-like" and not become a "social club." I think this is semantic bunk. BLOCKPRINT is as much of a club as any other organization in this school, we are active, we are represented in the Student Council, and if we want to promote something worthwhile, we should be able to do all we can in support of it. The show would be good for the school, the community, and the participants. BLOCKPRINT should be allowed to throw a dance or to help in anyway with the expenses.

Studio hour lengthening received the expected overwhelming show of apathy. Our attempt here was further hindered by the fact that someone lacked the basic decency to leave the snackbar ballot box alone and used it for a garbage pail. We are going to run the poll once again though in the hope that there will be some sort of response. Ballots can be deposited in the snackbar, SAO, or the refectory suggestion box next to the conveyor belt. I urge you to respond.

BLOCKPRINT, the Spring Art Show, the poll, are all met with indifference because they are superseded by the student body's concerted effort to be "cool." Being "cool" naturally entails non-involvement — hence apathy. I'm for non-involvement — real non-involvement. It takes a lot to be truly non-involved because it means no grumbling, no complaining, no irate letters, — nothing. A lot of us are becoming hypocrites though. Because non-involvement is fashionable we tend to imitate it, not having what it takes to carry it out.

The time has come for us to find out who is really "cool" and who is just bitching.

Ronn Spencer

Building, Room or Dept.

- ☐ Open Till 12
- ☐ Open Till 1
- ☐ Open All Nite
- ☐ Open 5-7
- ☐ Open Sunday

Your Name and Dept. (please respond again if you did so last week.)

THE ADMINISTRATION ... WHAT DOES HE DO?

PART IV

The last time many of you saw Mr. derHohannesian was on the pages of BLOCKPRINT. You will recall that he and Dean Hershey had climbed up to the ceiling of the Bank Building. Dean Hersey left soon thereafter; but Mr. derHohannesian remained. And, in spite of the persuasive tactics of his colleagues, twelve pleas from his wife, and several meetings of the modern dance class, he remained suspended on the rope for two weeks — a remarkable feat of artistic endurance.

Since that time, Mr. derHohannesian has signed to play Gazeppo in Mr. Ronald Binks' latest cinema effort, "Pinocchio in Outer Space," a feature which is "terrific fun for all the family when they meet all the beloved characters of one of the world's most beloved stories."

I interviewed Mr. Ho on location, and asked him why, as Chairman of the Division of Freshman Foundation, he should suddenly embark on a film career. "I never want to stay still," he said. "Probably that's my weakness. I have an insatiable curiosity about things."

"How did you prepare for cinema," I asked. "You know, was it just a boyhood dream, or a whim? Who helped you along the line?"

"Well," Mr. Ho said, "I studied at the Massachusetts College of Art. It was a rather conservative type of training, based pretty much on the Beaux Arts attitude. I graduated in the middle of the Depression, and had to get a job. I wrote to New York around 1940 or

so, and asked the Baroness Hilla Rabay — she was the director of the Guggenheim at that time — if there was an opening for someone working in the modern style. She was interested. And so, I exhibited with what they called the avant-garde group of non-objective painters."

I asked Mr. Ho if he believed in labeling artists, especially as they do in his new field: "starlet", "ingenue", "super-star".

"No, I hate labels of any kind. I suppose that you could call me a swinging individual in every way," he said with a smile. "For ten years the Baroness helped me with supplies and things like that. And then I got tired of her domineering — being a swinging individual. This I inherited from my dad."

Just then, Mr. Binks, and his assistants, took a chain saw and mercifully razed a tree to the ground while dipping his cigarette into the river, claiming the tree cast an unnecessary shadow on Mr. Ho, and was blocking the view of his Bolex. "I suppose you could call me a 'naturalist,'" Mr. Ho said. "By that I mean I have a tremendous dislike for any group that destroys the landscape or pollutes the water."

One of the camera crew then mumbled something which I could not hear, to which Mr. Ho replied: "I hate rudeness in any way. That's one of my pet peeves. You can speak your mind, you can be as far-out as you like, but you can get it across without being rude, constructive without being destructive."

"Do you mind showing your work here, and how do you feel about students seeing you in this film?"

"I don't like to show too much around here; they're apt to imitate you too much. It's apt to make the instructor say, 'Oh isn't that nice,' you know? As long as the student isn't dominated by the personality of the teacher. Look at Picasso's early work. You can't tell the difference between Picasso's and Lautrec. So, a certain amount is all right. Everytime I have exhibited it has always been where young people can see it. And everywhere, it has been received well. It was received well by a group of young artists up in Boston; I'm speaking now about my sculpture."

Mr. Binks, light meter in hand, took a reading and told Mr. Ho to smile. The latter smiled and said of the RISD Museum: "Bringing all these exhibits (whatever they are) to the public is good in a way. They have closed the door between the Freshman Building and

the Museum. They said that it was because they need a guard. They ought to be able to get one more guard. It was a good way to get students into the museum."

Mr. Immonen came onto the set, tipping over the lights and painting abstractions on the back-drop. "What's he doing," I asked Mr. Ho. "Once we hire an instructor," he said, "he is given complete freedom in expressing what he wants. In addition, we give freedom as far as helping students develop their own particular way, unlike the Bauhaus approach. We are not interested in styles. Express it in any way you want. The student work at Harvard, for instance, while it is technically good, is out of the same mold. People who come here can't believe the variety of ideas and the exuberance of the students. The freshman students have an awful amount of ability. When I was their age, I was completely naive. But, they haven't learned how to work, a lot of them. We have to make them work."

"Quiet on the set, quiet on the set," one of the light men said, pushing me aside. Mr. Ho went on: "Some young artists are pushed too quickly. It's too bad. This is no way to get anything lasting. Today there is an over-adulation of artists; it can kill an artist. He turns out the same things and it becomes merely a technical grind. Young artists should be promoted, but with restraint."

Mr. Binks, after explaining the motivation behind the scene with Gazeppo and Pinocchio as the two get in their space ship, beckoned me to leave. As I did, I thanked Mr. Ho, and told him that we are all looking forward to the premiere to be held this Thursday evening in the museum.

Don Simon

EDITORIAL

The recent success of *Don Juan in Hell* by the Designers in Drama brought to mind the sad relationship between RISD students and their one-and-only drama club. Few people seem aware of the existence of Designers in Drama, even less participate in it either actively or inactively. For some reason students have decided they are above attending the performances put on by the theater of their school and offered to them free of charge.

Drama is a legitimate and noble part of the great world of creative art though it seems that most RISD minds can't handle that

fact. Perhaps they are too involved in their own area of creation. Perhaps they are too involved in playing it cool. A widely respected instructor here once noted one reason why RISD students aren't the most successful of artists: for the last ten years being cool has been more important to students than being artists.

But this isn't an anti-coolness editorial or a support-your-theater editorial. I merely wish to state that RISD people think that they know what's happening, when they really are missing a very significant part of the art world. Our rational, uncreative, ivy-covered neighbor, Brown University, is extremely active in the theater arts; supported by Faunce House, Sock and Buskin, Production Workshop, performing regularly to a respectable number of students. Maybe some day when RISD auditorium becomes a part of RISD and RISD students decide that theater is cool too, we can begin to explore the dramatic arts as another meritorious medium. Until then Designers in Drama will limp through their productions, unnoticed, unappreciated, and unsupported.

Susan Smith.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING SPEAKS AT BROWN

This past Sunday I walked across the Brown Campus to Sayles Hall to hear Dr. Martin Luther King speak. The time was 11:30, and the church doors were opened wide. Beyond the doors extended an assemblage of students, parents, and children waiting on the lawn. I sat down on the outskirts of the crowd among some children and their baby carriages. Surprisingly enough the sun was out, and as the choir began over the loud speakers, a wind blew through our coats.

After a reading from the Gospel according to St. Matthew and a reverent introduction to Martin Luther King the scheduled program began. A still, quiet, cultivated voice opened up upon us, and upon those assembled within. Dr. King spoke about a quote from the Gospel which says "what does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" There was no reply. He continued, "and therefore would it profit a nation to gain the whole world and lose its soul?" There was no reply.

And so Dr. King began to speak about the problems that brought him to Brown and other

public places throughout the nation and the world. "Racial Injustice" he said, "is the Negro's problem and the nation's shame. We are far from the promised land where 50% of the Negro families live in substandard housing, and go to segregated overcrowded schools. There are clouds of mental problems forming in their psychological skies. Also 16% of the Negroes are unemployed in the nation today. If the whole nation had that percentage the condition would be worse than in the 30's. A riot is the language of the unheard, justice, quality, humanity should be part of the American people, but there is a great tragic evil — racial injustice that must be overcome. Justice must come!" He paused and then — "The white man needs the Negro to save him from his guilt. The Negro needs the white man to save him from the fears."

He continued to define the moral crisis now entwining itself in our country. "Poverty," Martin Luther King said, "is spread throughout the nation. Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Appalachian whites, are among the outstanding examples in America." A visit to India a few years ago allowed him to appreciate the problems of poverty even more. The Bible, he said, does not say that to be rich is evil, but rather, not to help your poor neighbor is. We should not maximize the minimum or minimize the maximum — no one should be a conscientious objector in the war against poverty. And he finished by saying that John Donne wrote that "NO man is an island and that when the bell tolls — it tolls for thee." We must stop poverty he said or "evil will

destroy the nation."

"The last great moral evil we must contend with," Dr. King stated as his voice carried out beyond the pulpit, "is war." "If the soul of our nation dies," he said, "the autopsy might read Vietnam. We have seen, through television and the newspapers, huts going down in flames and children being burned by napalm." What we have done, he preached as he learned closer to the microphone, is "to morally and politically alienate ourselves from our allies. I love America, but we must stand as a true moral example to the world. Mankind must put an end to war," he quoted President Kennedy, "or else war will put an end to mankind." "War is" he elaborated "an inferno Dante could not imagine. We must beat our swords into plowshares, and our spears into pruning hooks." I intend to be "maladjusted to poverty, religiously radical, discrimination and war — we were created to be maladjusted to these things."

"What does it profit a man by gaining," he concluded, "by gaining the color T.V. and subways and lose in the end."

The children next to me were still playing and a dog was sitting beside me. The crowd remained quiet for a moment. The Church doors moved with people and everyone stood up to go. A sheet of paper was handed around saying KING FOR PRESIDENT and in it this following statement. "Time has come for a champion of conscience, a spokesman of unimpeachable integrity and towering moral statue a man free to speak the truth as he sees the truth, a man of daring vision known

to every American, a proven leader who has spoken to the conscience and captured the imagination of the world. Champion of the poor in the countryside and the urban areas, apostle of human progress through non-violence . . ."

I wished to ask Dr. King a question but he was nowhere among the crowd — so I shall ask it to you instead. "What does it profit a man to gain his soul and lose the world?"

C. C. Wolf

THAT LETTER

On April 27, 1967 thirty sophomore girls received letters refusing permission for off campus residence for the year of 1967-68 by the Director of Auxilliary Services at RISD.

We feel that this decision sacrifices the purposes of our education at RISD. Education at the School of Design is highly dependent upon the totality of environment, both living and working. The environment must be conducive to art students working creatively and efficiently

DORMITORIES DEFEAT THESE PURPOSES

They deny privacy, adequate working space, a sense of responsibility, and a self created environment.

At some previous time a decision was made that the school of Design was to be a partially residential institution. Two new dormitories were constructed. We recognize the financial needs of RISD but feel that they must be met without infringing upon the learning process of the student. Had we been part of the decision to build these dormitories, we would have vetoed them.

In the case of the future decisions concerning us we demand a voice that carries some weight; a voice that cannot be overridden by administrative authority.

We want to preserve RISD as a non-residential art school. It is only in this way that we will be able to work creatively. Therefore we the undersigned request that:

1. All junior girls this year and in the future years not be restricted by the administration to live in the dormitory.
2. Discussion ensue for the formation of a Student-Faculty committee that has a voice in determining policy at RISD.
3. We meet with an instrumental administrative representative by 4:00 p.m., Friday, April 28, 1967.

THIS IS A COPY OF A LETTER BEING CIRCULATED AT THE PRESENT TIME.



PHOTO BY KARL WINDHORST

CLEANING UP ON HOMER HALL

Thirty sophomore girls have just found themselves victims of what seems a cheap trick to put the budget and the insatiable appetite of the dorms before these girls' education. Using loopholes and clauses the school has "protected" itself with what we all, perhaps too easily, began to think of as a right: that we could be made to endure the dorms only for the first two years. And endure it is, for even with the many violations we allow ourselves it is hard enough to remain creative to the required level even in the freshman year, in the face of a dormitory

ban on plaster, clay and anything hot. There is an admitted shortage of studio space, and the little there is is rarely opened past class time.

To think that someone could begin her junior year against these obstacles is absurd or just downright cruel, cruel to expect someone to sleep and work in the same room, to have a roommate doing so as well, to be forced to eat in the same refectory and to entertain her friends nowhere but in public. However, there is hope. The administration will gladly tell you we will all have our studio space in

new buildings — if we are patient and drop out for ten years.

I can only interpret from these actions that the school is either blatantly unaware of the role of privacy and space in creativity and learning, or doesn't even care, that it is really concerned with money above anything as the cynics suggest. The very manner in which the affair is being handled — putting the decision in the hands of a janitor and basing it on grades going back to over a year ago seems calculated to put it beyond the realm of rational discussion and use the brute logic and arrogance of bureaucracy to make complaining frustratingly futile.

And while the school created new rules to keep girls in the dorms, it seems at the same time incompetent of running those dorms properly; and the school seems indifferent, putting the girls under a tantrum throwing old lady who would rather sleep through your death than be wakened to help you regardless of what her job pays her to do, with sign outs that makes your social life public knowledge, judicial boards, fines, and girls, girls, girls, everywhere. (News Flash: three girls sent to Judicial Board for accepting blind dates !!!)

Maintenance is indifferent and hostile, more interested in fixing guilt and charging students than fixing the dorms.

My radiator remains broken after two months and about twenty complaints as well as three visits from various janitors, and this is no rarity in any of the dorms.

Our shower is perpetually cold. The only reason I could ever find for the fire in Homer was a frayed cord in a school lamp that had been reported several times. The entire atmosphere of the girls dorm is hostile alarm boxes on doors, caged tunnels, four feet on the floor, no liquor. I don't know how these girls have stood it so long and I hope they won't stand for it any longer.

Steve Lindlom

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

MAY 5 AND 6, 8-12 P.M.

BOB PATTERSON WILL

PLAY AND SING FOLK AT



FROM THE PAST

BLOCKPRINT, November 25, 1957; page 4 . . .

"At 10 p.m., September 23, 1957 ground was broken for a new RISD dormitory cell-block. This undertaking presages a new concept designed to imprison the mind, impress the spirit and shackle the body."

THE CHOPPING BLOCK ANNEX

Well, fellow mourners in the dorms, have we been pushed down the stuffed drain of dormitory living? Are we the pawns of a sneaky, underground administration? Is the administration the REAL UNDERGROUND?

I have the answers to these and many more questions below — all a result of a last minute poll that happened last Thursday night in Refectory. The main concern was junior girls; dorms or apartments.

Here's the mushroom cloud that formed:

"I hate the girls dorms, I want my own john, I want my own kitchen. I want my own work space. My room is as big as this table, and you can't live in it, work in it, entertain in it, sleep in it, do anything in it and still maintain you sanity."

(Name Withheld)

"I think it's unfortunate that it's financial; that it has nothing to do with the students. I was talking to Mr. Tirpaeck and he said the only consideration was the financial consideration. Many students find it difficult to work under these conditions, they're so cramped, and living with people I don't get along with."

(Name Withheld)

"They should turn Nickerson into the girls honor dorm and make Allen and Collins house into the upperclass mens dormitories for those who want to live in. In that way they will solve the problem of the girls who want to move out."

"Anything based on grades is unfair, especially in an art school."

(Name Withheld)

"If these girls drop out of school, they will lose almost \$30,000 in dorm revenue and \$60,000 in tuition."

(Name Withheld)

(Note — Actually \$81,900 in total loss.)

"It's another sell out. It's a bunch of garbage."

(Name Withheld)

"I agree with the administration's decision."

(Name Withheld)

"I think the complete annihilation of the school is in order; It's the only way to do it."

(Ed Rozzo)

"After two years in a dorm, a girl should really be able to get out. A person deserves some privacy."

(Name Withheld)

"We already have our apartment and now one of the girls can't take the apartment with us. We're stuck now."

(Name Withheld)

(Note — All sophomore girls were warned

not to get into a situation where they signed a lease. You're telling me your stuck! Maybe it's a bulletin board you need to post announcements on.)

"They're screwing themselves by making a stink and I'm in the dorm myself."

(Name Withheld)

"They're a bunch of ***** fools."

(Name Withheld)

"Mr. Tirpaeck told me that the number of freshmen admitted depends only on how much money they will need for that year."

(Name Withheld)

(Note — Mr. T. — why not 30 more acceptances? A simple solution — no?)

"I am dissappointed the parties responsible saw fit to pass the buck to Mr. T . . . I am certain that he has been selected as a figurehead — scapegoat — if you will — in this matter. I don't think the school should make 30 girls pay the school's own inability to provide decent dorm space. This is a very dishonorable solution. I could say more."

(Bill Kienzel -ID senior)

"The dorms should provide proper lighting, ventilation and more adequate space."

(Name Withheld)

"It's a fool thing."

"The sophomores should get out of campus."

(Name Withheld)

"This has got to be one of the most asinine maneuvers I've ever heard of."

(Name Withheld)

"These girls are lucky to live on campus at all."

(Name Withheld)

"Since when does a janitor have so much authority."

(Carolyn Mills)

"Mr. Tirpaeck has made a wise decision because the corporation is about to lose money. If we're going to succeed we can't let the corporation lose money so, 'Bravo,' Mr. Tirpaeck."

(Charles Matter, arch, '70)

"I'm getting married."

(Name Withheld)

"Perhaps the situation is such that you got these girls, they're not responsible enough to live out of the dorms, and then they let the girls who are really straight and live it, and make it in the outside world. The girls who make it, maybe these girls who make it, maybe these girls should stay in the dorms. They're the ones who survive best in a dormitory situation. They got an inside-out

situation where the whole thing is reversed."

(Charles Columbus Leonard, III)

(A nebulous, unreachable type person)

"I realize the school's financial position is in jeopardy if the girls' dorms are not filled, however; in the past, the number of girls not permitted to live off campus in their junior year has been next to nil."

"From out of somewhere, Mr. Tirpaeck has appeared, who knows nothing about the **personal lives, needs, etc.** of the female population of RISD, and issued a list of girls who may not live off-campus next year. The number of girls who may not live off-campus next



Pete Channell

A personal invitation from

PETER CHANNELL

to visit

THE ELEPHANT WALK

16 Pine Street

*for unusual gifts
and gourmet foods*

THE CHOPPING BLOCK

year. The number, I am sure, exceeds any in previous years. The blame does not rest on the Deans it is on Mr. Tirpaek, who, I feel, is **totally incapable** of judging whether or not a girl should be permitted to live off, Grades, I feel, should not be a strong factor in this decision, especially in the Sophomore year — and Mr. Tirpaek has raised his list on purely a mechanical basis."

(Name Withheld)

"Someone wrote in BLOCKPRINT a few weeks ago that RISD was, I think, living in a closed ideal environment, and we were separated from the outside world, and therefore not like it. What has become obvious now is that this school is a world in itself, sort of a micro-world contained within these few blocks. We have an administration, a general public, cliques, strikes, mass-media, social strata, economics and inflation, ah pressures, lack of communication, secrecy, every thing everyone else has. And these problems that arise every month or two are a result of being like the world "out there."

(Bill Barrett)

"It seems to me that the crux of the problem is space. To be monetarily efficient, the womens dorms must be full. Not the least reason for this new regulation is the fact that the dorms are not full; consequently, they are not efficient and are losing money. The school cannot rectify this situation by admitting more freshman girls; this might compromise the admissions standards and overload Freshman Foundation. The easiest recourse for the school then, is to hold over Sophomores with academic and disciplinary problems, and this the school has done. It is unfortunate that the school, had to arbitrarily resort to this and arbitrarily select the girls thus "jailed." A better solution must be found — and quickly."

(Gerald DelMonte)

"The Administration should sit down with the students and state that they are in financial trouble and then try to find a way to save RISD without resorting to tactics like this.

"When you start to major, you need your own working area and you should be by yourself."

"Girls at the age of 18 should be able to do what they wish without their permission."

"BLOCKPRINT stinks."

(David (Creep) Frigon)

"The school has to exert some authority."

(Name Withheld)

"The school should be willing to compete with off campus housing. I don't think BLOCKPRINT stinks."

(Dottie Allen)

"The only reason why I don't have an apartment is because I'm too lazy to clean up."

(Deborah Hess)

"Come down from heaven next Friday afternoon to that man-made hell — Snack Bar — but always remember this: Next time you stick a knife in someones backs give it a little twist — give your name for the credit.

R. Furman

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER

Having the dubious honor of being the top person in the lower one-half of the Sophomore class, and facing my Junior year with the frightening thought of being incarcerated in Home Sweet Homer for one more year; I feel it my duty to comment on this latest abortive act of the administration. No, I'd rather phantasmize.

If you think things are bad this year, just wait. In 1970 the Dean of Admissions will of course be W. P. TIRPAECK, a phantom who rose to the surface only Thursday. The criteria for admission will be based on monetary abundance, sterility, and the ability to consume as much starch as possible. The entrance applicant will be placed in a 4x4 cell filled with garbage congealed in rubber cement. His qualification will be the speed with which he can clean said cell, and the measure of his sanity after being in it for two weeks. The admissions committee will consist solely of Mr. Sturtevant. After passing the test, old straight Harry High-School will matriculate.

The new house mothers will be Josephine the maid — Homer. and Mike Reid — Nicker-son. Dean of Curriculum will be Walt Munford, who will offer such sterling courses (ID will be dropped, of course) as human relationship, bean baking and **budget balancing**.

Yes kids, it sure will be good clean fun. Even grad students will wear beanies.

F. Heaney

BLOCKPRINT took another poll in that Howard Johnson's of the sky — the snack bar — only this time it was BLOCKPRINT that had its head on the chopping block. The question was quite simple, "What's wrong with BLOCKPRINT?" At 1:00 the poll began with a remark from the faculty:

"If there were exciting things going on in the school, BLOCKPRINT would probably know about it. I don't read it much."

"More artwork and photographs. I like the pictures but I don't like to read."

(name withheld but I wonder why?)

"I think there's nothing wrong with BLOCKPRINT. I think it's a healthy attitude to take to find out what are the opinions of the students on BLOCKPRINT, the school, the faculty. It's probably one of the best ways to express yourself."

(Don Fish, freshman)

"BLOCKPRINT is wrong with BLOCKPRINT."

R.F. — Any more words of wisdom?

"I don't read it . . . well, I do read it. It's always good for a chuckle. "I don't know; I just laugh."

(David Frigon)

"Oh brother, there's really nothing wrong with it."

(name withheld)

"I think BLOCKPRINT is making an honest attempt to deal with both facts and what they would like to see in the future. I congratulate the entire staff on working very hard to make a most interesting piece of literature."

(administration)

"BLOCKPRINT is the Newsweek of an art school. I think rather than to try to editorialize on what people write in or about, wouldn't it be more to the advantage of BLOCKPRINT to produce work that the students do. You know, more art work in other words. Anybody can have an opinion about the administration; we're all trying to cut the cord of authority. You can squabble over and get as paranoid as they want to-but over art work. The editor, in a sense, would become an art critic, but this would become better training for him also. This is one of the better art schools, so why not more art?"

(name withheld)

Remember kiddies, you too can be part of the Chopping Block. Be the first one on your block to cut a class or take that longer coffee break next Friday between 1:00 and 4:00 in the snackbar.

R. Furman

PHILOSOPHY OF DUALITY

My young angry man, that incident of vandalism on Homer-Nickerson Terrace is only a minor revelation of the eternal war of the two forces of Existence: Life and Time locked together savagely in a yin-and-yang relationship; each seeking to destroy the other. And yet they cannot exist without each other, for Life needs Time to be born, to grow and develop, and to reproduce though it also meets old age and death; and Time needs Life to be measured. Without Time to develop it, Life cannot exist. Without Life to measure and be aware of it, Time cannot exist.

By their natures, Life is Creation and Time always eventually is Destruction though is Development also. Like the Life-Time relationship, Creation and Destruction are opposed and yet cannot exist without each other.

Creation needs Destruction to correct its mistakes and to destroy the old things that the new may be created. Destruction needs Creation for things to destroy. Were existence all creation, then space would fall and there would be no more creation. Were it all destruction, then all things would be destroyed and there would be no more destruction.

Since we are beings of life, we are therefore Life's creatures and Creation's creatures also. This being the case, we should stand up for life and Creation and set against Time and Destruction, using the latter only for the former's sake (For instance, if you are making a clay sculpture and a part of it is bad, you destroy the bad part and in its place make a better part — that is using destruction for creation's sake, being in the correct spirit of the yin-and-yang relationship of Life and Time). But were anyone to destroy for destruction's sake, that is, committing vandalism and total nihilism, then he has betrayed his patron-force and so committed the ultimate crime. Since your vandals and breakers of the sculptures have destroyed out of pleasure of destruction, they are traitors to Life and Creation . . . if you are a true believer in this Philosophy of Duality, you may go forth and kill the vandals for creation's sake so they may destroy no more works of creation for destruction's sake. GO YOU, THEN, AND KILL ALL THE DAMNED VANDALS!! . . . but, alas, we live in a land which knows not the Philosophy of Duality.

In the future issues, I will develop further on the Philosophy of Duality and the validity of its application to everything and every aspect of this plane of existence.

John Roberts

NEW DEAN

Donald P. Reutlinger, consultant for the Kellogg study of student culture at the University of Massachusetts, and a member of the institution's English department, has been appointed dean of students at Rhode Island School of Design, according to an announcement today by Dr. Albert Bush-Brown, president.

Mr. Reutlinger succeeds Donald M. Lay, Jr., who will still become dean of the college on July 1.

Teacher, writer, and lecturer, Mr. Reutlinger, 35, received his A.B. degree, cum laude, from Princeton University in 1954. Following two years' service in the army in West Germany, he continued his studies at the University of Paris and Harvard University, where he received his M.A.

At Harvard he taught courses in general education, served in various tutorial capacities, and for two years was an assistant in the Bureau of Study Counsel. He was also resident proctor in the college and for three years senior adviser to freshmen in the dean's office.

Mr. Reutlinger joined the University of Massachusetts as teacher and consultant for the Kellogg study of student culture in 1965. He was keynote speaker at the first annual regional conference of the New England state universities' study of student culture during the same year, and in 1966 he was secretary of a conference group on "Needed Studies of Student Values" at the second annual conference.

Mr. Reutlinger has served the university also as a member of numerous committees on student affairs and as director of freshmen advising in the English department. He has also published literary criticism.

NOTICE:

There will be a (free) Bus leaving from the North Main Street parking lot around One Post Meridien, Saturday, April Twenty-Ninth of this year. It will drive to the School Farm for the second of a series of RISD vs. CRYSTAL TAP soccer matches. Both teams are guaranteed to be in copious spirits for the encounter, and very likely there'll be some left over for the spectators also. Try to make it.

I know. Today is Monday, and you probably missed it. My condolences. But there'll be more.

TAP

STUDENT COUNCIL

At last Wednesday night's meeting the members of the Student Council elected officers for the 1967-1968 school year. The results were:

PRESIDENT ACKI TARA
VICE PRESIDENT TODD MILLER
REC. SECRETARY PAM BOYD
CORR. SECRETARY ANNE CONNORS
TREASURER SAM CIOFFI

HOW PLEASANT TO KNOW MR. TUNNOF

by Beedle Main

He has many friends lay men and clerical,
Old Foss is the name of his cat;
His body is perfectly spherical
He weareth a runcibal hat . . .

by Edward Lear

Education Class certainly was interesting Tuesday! We had the pleasure of hearing MR. TUNNOF speak to us about what he thought of teaching and of education and art.

Mr. Tunnof was sitting at a table in the education room when I walked into class and I couldn't help but chuckle at how comical and friendly looking he was . . . He's a MASSIVE massive man with a TREMENDOUS black beard and long black shiny hair. He has a glowing pleasant look to the face and a merry look in the eye!

Now Mr. Tunnof said that he wasn't one for words but that he was just going to tell us his ideas about education. It ended up that Mr. Tunnof was a person who flailed his arms into the air and shrieked a lecture the likes of which I have not heard since I have been at the school.

I am inclined to agree with Mr. Tunnof's principle that it is the duty of any REAL teacher or artist to be TOTALLY INVOLVED with what he is trying to communicate. The teacher must communicate SPIRIT through being a PERSONALITY and the artist must communicate SPIRIT through being a PERSONALITY. This does not mean that either artist or teacher should fade into the wall like a walking shadow and have no identity. This does not mean that everyone should look and act alike but should look into themselves for what is rare and interesting and WORTH communicating.

Mr. Tunnof believes that artist or teacher

must have conviction as PEOPLE . . . not necessarily about squiggles and smears and suave lines . . . but conviction about what they are trying to EXPRESS!

He also feels that a good teacher must be INTERESTED in the STUDENTS as PEOPLE and in inspiring the INDENTITY of the student.

* * *

He believes that art is only dated unless it comes from the SOUL
from LOVE

or from THE HEART!

He does not believe true art comes from a theory which is handed down
or from an attachment to money and praise
or from a sensitivity cultured by dictatorial brainwashing.

.....

In general, I think Mr. Tunnof made some good points . . . don't you? Don't you think it gets a little tiring to see every painting looking the same . . . to see every student having the same ideas about the coolness of filth and the drugworld?

THAT'S A REAL BRINGDOWN.

COMMUNITY/COLLEGE INVOLVEMENT: POSSIBILITIES

Last Thursday, the twentieth, I held a meeting to discuss a proposal I had made in BLOCKPRINT, that was open to the consideration of the whole community. My suggestion concerned the character of the "Hill" village, where people too often rotate in the tracks of their immediate schedule avoiding the problem and the promise of community involvement. Out of that meeting came the realization that a great deal of cooperative energy **does** exist, but that the people who hold valuable contributions in their minds or who are willing to make individual commitments of time, cannot seem to find each other or find an organized focal point at which the separate ideas could converge into a valuable movement. My original proposal was concerned with one kind of focal point — at this time I see the same goals, and ultimate concerns embraced by a different mechanism. This mechanism exists now in the form of

a varied group of students and faculty/community members all interested in supporting and fulfilling the Community School at Fox Point. The Community School works within the buildings of the Fox Point Elementary School after regular school hours. The Community School offers remedial-tutorial help to children of all ages; children can draw on the availability of college students and faculty members for help with homework or extra practical guidance in any area that the child professes interest or need. But far beyond this worthwhile kind of contribution, there are amazing possibilities for creative exploration of the whole tutorial concept. In this respect people from R.I.S.D. are not only valuable but necessary, if the Community School is going to reach its potential as a rich cultural facility. For no culture grows without a deep respect and involvement of the arts at its very core. Last night several people including myself went to Fox Point School to speak with people there who are responsible for the whole community school program. Aside from outlining general goals for the project, a very encouraging atmosphere emanated from the understanding of this Campus/Community project as being **experimental** relationship. This promises individuals who are interested in a kind of community involvement, but who have shied away from the usually "committee-talky-helper-outer" nature of conservative projects, an opportunity to work within a situation most suited to the way in which **they** express themselves. On a non-professional basis — especially dealing with art — this is a necessary, not a luxury-quality. What this all means is that you will be working with the number of children best suited to your feelings and to the kind of ideas you are anxious to explore, and that you have a receptive ear to help you work out the best relationship for you and the kids. You have an opportunity to contribute to the **nature** of the program rather than merely filling in an assigned area.

All of this will be ready to go into effect late next September. In order to accomplish the necessary organization there are people at Brown interested in knowing the names, of meeting with, and in listening to ideas or questions from the people at R.I.S.D. They would like to know now, even on a very tentative basis, whether you would be interested in participating in this project. There will be a meeting Wednesday evening, in lower Manning Chapel at 7:30. Please try to make this meeting, if only for a short time.

Consider the possibility put before you, the magnetic and marvelous "being" of children and of their need for you.

Maryjo Spitzer

FILM

Dear Mr. Dwyer,

Salavador Dali is not one of my heroes. However, I do respect Luis Bunel. I certainly was glad and not too surprised to find out that "the bulk of credit [for Un (not Le) Chien Andalou] should go to Dali," because beyond the shock value of a few of the images, the film had practically nothing.

"Dali had developed, even in those early days, something of his talent for shocking the bourgeois, but not too much, just sufficiently to make himself (profitably) the man they loved to hate" (Cinema Eye, Cinema Ear).

Is this the attitude of a great artist? I think not. Certainly one cannot criticize his draftsmanship or deny that he has a bizarre sense of black humor, but so what. There is nothing behind it but the feeling of a half grown mind playing childish pranks.

As for your comment "it wasn't till later that Dali made his first full-length film, 'L'Age D'or'", I think you should read what a few people including Dali, have to say about that.

"With his (Bunel's) next film, L'Age D'or however, although Dali's name still appears on the credits, there is no doubt possible of who was in control, even without the testament of both parties that they diverged after only a couple of days working on the script . . . L'Age D'or, in fact, is not only Bunel's first characteristic film, his first masterpiece and probably the only film of lasting value to be thrown up by the surrealist movement in its heyday, but it is also Bunel's credo, the comprehensive statement of all his principle theories and ideas."

Cinema Eye, Cinema Ear — pp. 85-86

"I am convinced that Bunel and Dali (in Un Chien Andalou) were aiming at different things. Bunel sought to catch a glimpse of that incandescent world in which dream and reality mingle in a magnificent gesture of liberation, Dali hoped to shock the bourgeoisie. Between Bunel and the great self publicist, the abyss of sincerity opens wide . . . Bunel hoped to shock the bourgeoisie. Bunel went to Spain to work (on L'Age D'or) with Dali, but they had only one joint work session. The two men had already grown apart, Bunel did

not recognize his friend. 'L'Age D'or' is a film by Bunel without Dali, and if the latter's name appears among the credits, it is thanks to the courtesy of Bunel."

Luis Bunel — Ado Kyrrou — pp. 19-20

Dali himself wrote of the incident in his *The Secret Life of Salvador Dali* — "Bunel was filming 'L'Age D'or' alone, and I was virtually cut off." That Dali was not happy with "L'Age D'or" is a matter of personal opinion, but that he did not work on it is a matter of fact. Do not give credit to such a petty prankster as Dali, when the work was actually done by a truly intelligent and perceptive artist like Bunel. Dali's work seems to me to be shallow, stilted and simple minded in conception, whereas Bunel's is thoughtful, meaningful and well conceived.

Peter Chamberlain

SOME THEATRE

This season's final production by TRINITY SQUARE REPERTORY COMPANY is Anton Chekhov's "The Three Sisters." As in "A Streetcar Named Desire," the Company succeeds in conveying the hopes, the conflicts and the despairs of mankind.

Basically the play concerns three sisters, a brother, his wife and a small group of army officers. The conflicts that arise are not only between these individuals but within them — for they are constantly questioning why life has treated them the way it has.

The direction by Adrian Hall is very capable of conveying the characters' inaction. Using a large cast, he is able to maintain a high level of dramatic intensity. His means for this achievement is largely that of performance.

The entire cast sustains a lively interest in the everyday aspiring people Chekhov has chosen to convey his ideas. Outstanding are Katherine Helmond, James Gallery, Pamela Payton-Wright and William Cain.

Also noteworthy were the set designs by Lyn Pectal. The three sets progress from an elaborate opening scene to the subdued second and somber third, as the play progresses from its most optimistic to its most despairing scene.

The play is worth attending — but in spite of Trinity Square's accomplishment, I can't help feeling that most of the credit goes to Chekhov.

DESIGNERS IN DRAMA gave equal justice to the Don Juan in Hell portion of G. B. Shaw's "Man and Superman." Through four characters, Shaw expresses his views on heaven, hell, marriage, and war. The three RISD students and one teacher gave clear interpretations of meaning through a reading. My only complaint was that of an obtrusive amount of make-up (or was it incorrect lighting?)

Jay Neelley

LA GUERRE EST FINIE

Is not a spy thriller . . . Does not have a tragic or victorious conclusion. It is a sad, imposing movie that will haunt you as you watch it, and afterward. Here is a man who in his youth dedicated his life to Revolution — perhaps the intent of all youth? A man is a spy because he possesses a need to aid and control the outcome of his ideal. But as this man has aged he has changed though his work goes on.

Resnais' style has changed too. His frames are cooler, less stark and abstracted. His tone is grey, with flickering surface movements or long portraited conversations.

We are escorted through the routine of this man's work; his many names, Carlos, Diego; the ideological debates, the dialogue is abstract business talk full of nouns, definitions and barriers. We witness his daily anxieties which intrude in staccato phantom flashes, the daily surprises like arrests of comrades, Nana — his lucky star, the flickering shadow of the curtains on the ceiling, the youth that has adopted his cause — Spain — as their own, and their explosives.

Love is not on the program of a professional revolutionary Diego tells us, yet he has two. Resnais gives us love scenes so slow, so varied and abstracted one can hardly watch unless one has loved like this — ritualistically. Nana could be Diego's daughter. She idolizes his work. They make love against the blinding white light of her piety. But Maria is a wife to him, waits for him, watches him, wants a child by him and eventually tries to save him. Love with her is a ballet of practiced, meaningful steps.

We wait with this man of many names through the flow of events for . . . an end. Orders change — he must rest, and rechange

— he must return, and we are left realizing that to wait is all we were meant to do.

Resnais has gained human depth in that his characters possess different attitude according to their age. There are still parts of a beautifully, this time more easily, stylized structure. Diego's experience has not disillusioned him with his ideal, but with man's ability to revolutionize.

M. Coolidge

A MARXIAN REVOLUTION

On Thursday night (7:30, May 4) the four Marx Brothers invade Memorial Hall with "Duck Soup" and "Monkey Business."

Words are inadequate means to describe a Marx Brothers film. One experiences their movies as one might a "happening" owing to the spontaneously madcap energy of the Marx foursome.

Julius (Groucho), Leonard (Chico), Arthur (Harpo), and Herbert (Zeppo) Marx were no strangers to show business when they appeared in "The Cocoanuts" (1929), their first film for Paramount Pictures. The Marx Brothers had been known in vaudeville for years as "the Nightingales." It was undoubtedly those years of experience on the stage which made the Marx Brothers so ideally suited to screen comedies which were then only just learning to talk. Indeed, their earliest films were little more than crudely filmed versions of their earlier stage successes.

As a comic team, the Marx Brothers were able to evolve a kind of cinematic humor that satisfied the individual demands of both the camera and microphone. Groucho's rambling dialogue "which sees to it that no idea gets anywhere, or, if anywhere, that its destination will be of maximum unimportance to the human race," coupled with Chico's outrageous puns ("My grandfather's beard just fell hair to a fortune.") delivered in Italian dialect along with Harpo's inexhaustible supply of sight gags and Zeppo's ineptitude as "straight man" for an unbeatable screen-laugh combination.

"Monkey Business" was made by the foursome for Paramount in 1932. "Duck Soup" followed a year later and was their last film for that company before moving to M-G-M in 1935.

"Duck Soup" is one of their most enjoyable films from Paramount. Set in the mythical

A WALK IN PROVIDENCE

PART II

kingdom of Freedonia (a sort of Grand Fenwick c. 1933), Groucho as Prime Minister finds himself plagued by spies (Chico and Harpo) from the malicious neighboring land of Sylvania whose colors bear a resemblance to a certain light bulb manufacturer.

When not courting his perennial screen love, Margaret Dumont, Groucho does find time to devote himself to affairs of state. Before the Freedonian Council, Prime Minister Groucho discusses a state document in a typically Marxian fashion . . . to the straight-faced Council: "Why it's so simple a child of ten could understand it. I can't make heads or tails out of it."

The fact of the matter is that Hollywood's screen writers found it futile to script Marx Brothers comedies. Those who expected their scripts to be followed to the letter were in for a few surprises. More often than not, those wild bits of dialogue and action which delighted audiences came spontaneously from the Marx Brothers themselves as their enthusiasm took hold on the set — much as today's comedians ad-lib before the video cameras. One often feels that scenes if shown again would find the foursome doing something completely different!

The cut and dried precision of the printed word can hardly describe such cinematic anarchy. One must experience Groucho, Chico, Harpo, and Zeppo in action on the screen to really know the Marx Brothers, a classic comic team ranking with Chaplin, W. C. Fields, and Laurel and Hardy.

Dana B. Larrabee

TAPE LIBRARY FORUM

"The trees may prefer calm but the wind will not subside."

Using this quotation from Mao Tse-tung, William Hinton discussed the basic element of China's Cultural revolution before a Town Hall, New York, audience of "China watchers," March 23, 1967. Hinton and co-panelist Franz Schurmann viewed the cultural upheaval as a stage in the development of socialism in China, intensified by the external threat of war though Schurmann feared its impetus may have been blunted too soon. Panel moderator Jonathan Mirsky opened the discussion with a brief commentary on the role of the Red Guard in China. But it was during the question period with Guardian editor James Aronson as

moderator, that audience's passions reached a peak.

All this is on tape which covers the full content of the Town Hall meeting. The exploration of the background and implications of the Cultural Revolution by speakers Hinton, author of *Franshen* and long-time resident of China; Schurmann, author of *Ideology and Organization in Communist China*, visiting professor at Columbia's East Asian Institute and Chairman of the Center for Chinese Studies at Berkeley; and Mirsky, who is professor of Chinese Studies at Dartmouth College. The tape also includes questions on China's role in the war in Vietnam, relations with the Soviet Union and with the world revolutionary movement. The tape was viewed as a significant contribution to "radical thinking."

Tuesday, May 2 11:15 A.M. and 12:15 P.M.,
Part 1 & 2

Thursday, May 4 11:45 A.M. and 12:15 P.M.,
Part 2 of 2

LET THE TAP ROLL ON

The Crystal Tap team continues unbeaten, friends. Last Friday they met the almost invincible Lambda Chi fraternity on Brown field and won. Now you may well be asking what is so important about defeating a frat team. Well I will tell you that this particular fraternity is popularly known as the "Football Frat" up at that institution on the hill, and the Tap team won by a score of 9-3.

You out there who are fans of the R.I.S.D. soccer team may be asking yourselves why I devote so much time to the other team. My answer is that I devote my time to the Tap team because for one thing they have been winning, and when they play, thus far, R.I.S.D. plays the Tap team. I would have a report on their last game but due to the heavy rain-fall and bombed out field of contestants, R.I.S.D. and the Crystal team did not meet this Saturday past. They will meet this Saturday out at Barrington and I will cover that game for you fans.

I sincerely hope that I have satisfied the inquisitive nature of those of you who are prone to wondering about dilettante sports writers. There will continue to be intra-R.I.S.D. society soccer games, and I plan to cover them for those of you who like flying balls and a lot of nerve. May the better team win.

"Red" Leonard

Walk the travesty that is Providence; a city desperately trying to be a little New York and blowing it at every turn. As such, Providence is in a race with numerous other cities in the country, and finds that it isn't enough and finds that—

you gotta have a gimmick. So this fair city has a capitol complex. yes, yes, yes . . . the Capitol bears mute albeit well-lit witness to a Washington, D. C. complex. WICE reports delightful trivia from "Capitol Hill," and the building itself is a sibling of the Big Rotunda on the Hill (don't get me wrong, I do like it). Furthermore—

the Industrial National Building, tall, fat, and erect, comes by its power and masculinity only by default; the surrounding buildings are too small to challenge the Industrial National's ugly diminutive greatness.

I stand in front of the Outlet at 10:08 on a Wednesday morning and . . . nothing. Weybosset Street appears like San Francisco (or was it L.A.?) in "On the Beach." Any New York street at that hour would be jammed with tourists, businessmen, kids cutting classes, ordinary crooks, etc. I see New York — dressed Providence businessmen dropping into the nearest cafeteria as if they were eating lunch at Guido's in Manhattan. The streets they walk remind me of an unholy alliance twixt De Kalb Avenue in Brooklyn and the main street of Hudson, N. Y. And—

the architecture — no unity; all shapes, colors, sizes. But they try: a bit of New York here and there in the guise of the Rockefeller Library at Brown and the Boy Scout building on Broad Street. However, one can try to liken the Turk's Head building with the Allied Chemical Tower at Times Square and laugh. By the aforementioned Scout building stands an appartement (my thanks to Mr. Mostel) building which appears to be a Lefrak City unit shrunk to one-quarter of its size and dumped on its spot as an afterthought.

One travels around Manhattan and is impressed by the immense vulgarity of myriad ENORMOUS billboards. Across the street from the Outlet stands a New York importee: "Hurry home your wife's alone with Merv — WPRO, channel 12," with Merv's illustrated rain eroded face. It is tragi-comic; only the size of a car, it is wedged in between a tenement store roof and the hunchbacked bulk of the I.N. building. It goes unnoticed —

Such is Providence. God bless it, this "city named for God." It needs it . . .

—Gerard Del Monte

MANIFESTO

We the undersigned are starting a new art movement.

It must be humorous and serious.

It must be like the decadent romantic composers. Like Rachmaninov, Tschaikovsky, Moskovsky, Dugas, Duke Ellington.

All involved must be painters, sculptors, suckers, artists in general, and others.

It must be an extension of man that is bigger than Man.

Perhaps a woman.

We must meet in the snackbar every now and then to discuss what has already been done.

After that we will discuss things which have not been done.

We will then do them.

Or maybe we won't do them.

THERE ARE A GREAT MANY THINGS WHICH HAVEN'T BEEN DONE AND DO NOT NEED TO BE DONE!!!!

The two major bases will be New York, San Francisco, and Providence.

Not everyone can join, but anyone can.

It is necessary for all involved to have at least two arms. One is allowed, but two is better. Legs are important too.

That's neither here nor there.

One must know how to read, however.

Why?

We refuse to end this Manifesto here.

The undersigned.

Mike De Voe

Tobias Mostel

Chris Sedlmayr

Eddie Dorsen

Marc Duffet (t)

Snitch Kreh

David Kaufmann

God

Bill Loker

Sydney Lynch

Dale Weymouth

Courtesy of the Bowelhaus Movement.

ARTICLE

Why do 95% of the opinionated people who answer the Chopping Block refuse to divulge their names?

(name: Anonymously Withheld)

Dear Anonymously,

They (we) withhold names because of the "communication gap." Or, more directly, we're afraid of the unknown "administration."

(name withheld)

AND STILL ANOTHER RISD WINNER

After almost a year of saving coupons for Shell Oil Company's Americana contest, Charlie Burnham finally came through a winner. He is the proud owner of a crisp new five dollar bill.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOUND: ONE EARRING; script monogram; gold disc; found on Homer-Nickerson terrace. Contact R. Furman, Box 189.

SLIDE RULE FOUND. Owner may claim in Security Office.

LOST — Tan raincoat, last weekend at Xavier's. Has money and keys — return to Bill Barrett sometime.

1966 WOLKSWAGON BUS for sale. 14,000 miles. Radio. Bucket seats. Blue and white. Cherry condition. \$1,800. Call 861-7393 or Box 140.

FOR SALE: 2 outboard motors. 1962 Johnson 3½ h.p., very few hours of use, \$50.00.

1959 Johnson 18 h.p., many hours of use, \$25.00. Inquire at Office of Dean of Students.

CERAMICS SALE — Wednesday, May 3rd 4-6 p.m., Ceramics Dept.

RISD/MC — Lock will be changed. To take advantage of spring weather for riding bring old key to meeting at 412 College Building on 7:30 Wednesday.

TO MEMBERS OF THE ADMINISTRATION AND FACULTY — Please submit in writing to the Publications office, no later than May 12, any items of educational or professional interest of the Rhode Island School of Design Alumni Bulletin.

CALENDAR

MONDAY, MAY 1

7:30 p.m. Rm. 412 CB — Film Class - Mr. Jungles

2:00 p.m. Fac. Lg. — Commencement Mtg.

TUESDAY, MAY 2

11:15 a.m. Student Lg. — Taped Forum

11:00 00 a.m. Student Lg. — Fitting Session with Waldorf Tuxedo (Grad)

12:00 noon Gym — Dance Group

3:00 p.m. Gym — Wrestling Group

6:00 p.m. Rm. 430 CB — Seminar G-192 - Mr. Kirschenbaum

9:00 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis - Sign up at SAO

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3

4:00 p.m. Gym — Girls Volleyball

7:30 p.m. 412 — RISD/MC Meeting New Keys

7:30 p.m. YWCA Auditorium — RWJC - film society — "The Seven Samurai"

THURSDAY, MAY 4

7:00 a.m. Tennis Club — Tennis - Sign up at SAO

11:15 a.m. Student Lg. — Taped Forum

12:00 noon Gym — Dance Group

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Film - "Monkey Business" & "Duck Soup"

9:30 p.m. Student Lg. — Film Soc. Meeting

FRIDAY, MAY 5

4:00 p.m. Gym — Girls Volleyball

SATURDAY, MAY 6

2:00 p.m. Gym — Wrestling Group

8:00 p.m. Refectory — Dorm Council Dance

SUNDAY, MAY 7

11:00 a.m. Upper Refectory — Catholic Mass

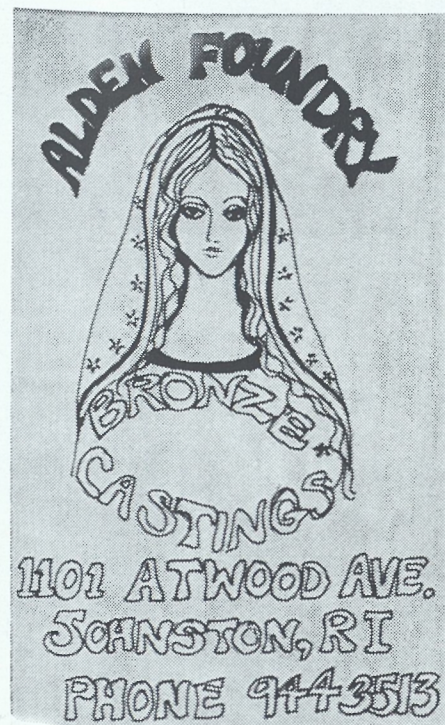




PHOTO BY TOM BATES